

HIGH LIGHTS



The Old Adobe

Alfred James Decker

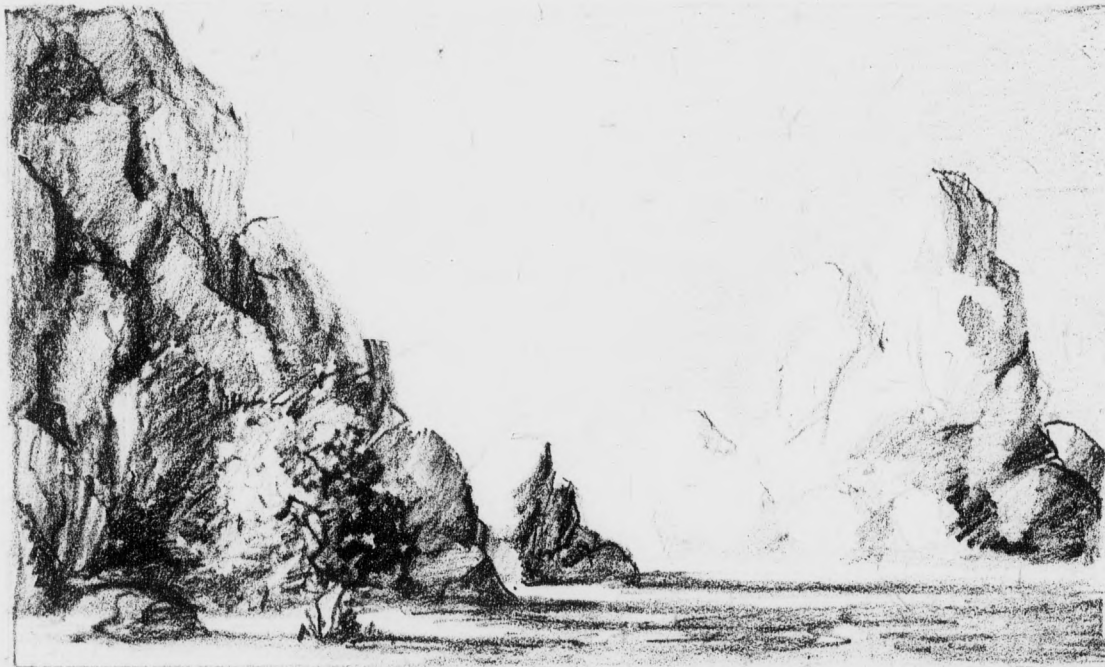
An Old Adobe Publication
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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HIGH LIGHTS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra
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GETHSEMANE

BY

Florence Eakman

There are so many Christs
Who smile at death,
And laugh when twisting fingers
Steal their breath.

There are so many Christs
Serene and sane,
Who wear a mask of beauty
Drenched in pain.

They wear a crown of thorns,
Their drink is gall,
Yet through their crucifixion
Conquer all.

(Horizons)

Writers - and among writers, poets in particular - make use of words as an artisan does of his tools. Sharp words, dull words, light words, heavy words - words, in fact, of all manner, kind, and description. Observe a writer at work (providing you can catch him at it); see how he chooses his words. Figuratively - almost literally - you may watch him pick up a word. Sometimes he seems to pounce upon it like a hawk seizing its prey, eager, hungry, certain of satisfaction. Again he will seem to stretch a hand slowly out, hesitantly, unsurely; clearly in doubt as to whether the word will serve his purpose or not. In fact, even those words he seizes with the greatest elation for the most part go into the discard. The upshot is that the vast majority of words which by merit or propinquity attain a poetic try-out fail to make the grade.

Feel the edge of a word as though it were an adze. It must have just the right sharpness. Test the weight of it; a word must be neither too heavy nor too light. But keep in mind any good rejected word in the event that it suits the mood of the piece you're writing. You may require more weight in a line farther on, or a keener edge. Accent, rhythm, cadence, tone color; these are some of the more important poetic effects which are achieved by words.

And, of course, there's the meaning; the sense of the word. One of the most deplorable temptations which Something-or-other takes delight in dangling before poetic noses is the word which is just simply "swell" so far as meter, rhyme, etc., etc., go; but does not convey quite the correct shade of meaning.

We find in "Alice in Wonderland" the counsel: "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves." The first half of this is certainly sound (argument); but as to the "sounds," we incline to the opinion that they should be taken care of, too.

* * * * *

Don't fail to attend the regular Guild meetings. They are held on the first Friday of each month, at 8:00 p.m., at the Old Adobe.

BANQUET BREAD

by Elizabeth Schermerhorn

"She misses all the happiness of life,"
The people said. But still she walked the road
And cared not what they spoke, nor let the strife
Of thin-lipped words disturb her ageless code.
She knew the morning magic of each hill
And April sang within her skipping stride;
She heard across the wood, the first wild spill
Of oriole song. For her the rushing tide
Of evening sea, could roll the amber moon
Into a slim and moving metal thread;
All these were wine to quench her thirst at noon,
And set before her ample banquet bread.

She never listened to their empty strife,
But cut her bread with keen and whetted knife.

(Prize poem in the Los Angeles
Allied Arts contest of 1937.

Dark Voice Within)

KARLOFF

by

John Q. Copeland

Ivan Karloff this week announced his departure early next month for New York, where he will be associated with a well-known Radio City dancing school, specializing in pantomimic work. He expects to return to Sierra Madre for a short stay next year, following three months engagements in Chicago and San Francisco.

As a farewell gesture of goodwill to the Arts Guild members and other friends with whom he has been associated here, Mr. Karloff will present a free dance program at the Wistaria Vine salon Sunday evening, May 5th. At that time Karloff's pupils will present folk dances and ballet numbers displaying nearly thirty picturesque costumes.

For the past seven months Karloff has made the Old Adobe Studio his dancing-school headquarters, thus adding the art of the dance to the fraternity of painting, writing, and music already embraced by the Arts Guild. In leaving the art center here, Mr. Karloff sends a note of appreciation to Alfred James Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, and the others who have made him feel that regardless of business trips to the East, Sierra Madre shall continue to be his home.

LOS ANGELES, 11940

by

Anne Walters

A man, digging one day in the sand at the foot of the mountains, came upon the ruins of a great city. He kicked the rubble about with his foot and uncovered some broken bits of machinery - part of a cog-wheel, the handle of a lever - mere mangled scraps of corroded metal. "The people who lived here," he said, "must have loved power more than beauty."

HISTORY OF THE SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD - III

by

Leslie B. Wynne

It was on June 3rd, 1938, that the first monthly meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild was held, at which time the dates for the regular meetings of the organization were fixed to be held thereafter once a month upon the evening of the first Friday of the month, and until further notice, at the Old Adobe Studio, 35 East Montecito Street, Sierra Madre. At this meeting, the constitution, as approved by the Board of Governors, was approved and accepted. The membership director then reported a paid-up membership of twenty-three, when it was decided that all of the members up to and including July 1st should be classed as charter members. An entertainment committee was then created with Mrs. Alfred James Dewey as the permanent chairman.

The July 1st meeting of 1938 was the first social meeting of the Guild, and was attended by about seventy-five or eighty members and their friends. An exhibit of fifty camera studies by Richard McGraw and featuring Southern California landscapes, was shown at this time, comprising the first exhibit sponsored by the Guild. Since then, monthly exhibitions of some of the works of both local and out-of-town artists have become a regular feature of the Guild meetings.

It was decided at the next meeting of the Board of Governors on July 15th that all exhibitors in the future shall pay the costs of publicity in connection with their exhibitions as sponsored by the Guild, except in the cases of general or contest exhibitions.

By August of that year, the membership of the organization had increased to close to one hundred, and the Old Adobe Studio was already overtaxed for room. A movement was started to acquire a larger meeting-place, but it was not until November that the Guild finally assumed rental of the property adjoining the studio as a headquarters for the organization.

At the October meetings of 1938, the Guild went on record, in common with other local organizations, as subscribing to the Sierra Madre float to be entered in the Tournament of Roses parade, especially in the matter of providing adequate help for the actual

construction and decoration of the float. A committee was formed, also, under the chairmanship of Mrs. A.J. Dewey, to promote a Halloween Arts Carnival. Known as the Greenwich Village Carnival, this affair was held on the last Saturday evening of October with an attendance of more than seven hundred, and did a great deal to publicize the activities of the organization.

The end of this first year of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, 1938, saw the organization firmly established and housed in a headquarters building of its own. All of the groups so far created within the organization, except the Gardening section, were active and growing. Exhibitions of paintings or of photography had become regular monthly features; the Drama section was preparing to present a number of one-act plays in the near future; the Music section was working on a cantata to be presented at Easter; while, of the Poetry-Fiction groups, one of the younger members, Miss Elizabeth Schermerhorn, had published a slender though excellent volume of real poetry, "Dark Voice Within."

DOBE ECHOES

Besides Lee Shippey's fine address on the subject of "Union Now," which is described in an article elsewhere in this issue, we had the great pleasure of hearing at the April meeting of the Guild, a violin recital by Ralph Tillema of Pasadena.

Young Mr. Tillema, only fifteen years old, exemplifies in a striking way the remarkable progress to be made by talent plus industry when under sure guidance. Although he has been studying the violin only two years, his performance is high. His programme, in part, included:

| | | |
|-------------------|----|------------|
| Adagio and Alogro | by | Corelli |
| Liebeslied | by | Kreisler |
| Legende | by | Wieniawski |

Mrs. Tillema played the piano accompaniments for her son.

TRUE CONFESSION

Anonymous

(The name "Eli" used in this story is fictitious in order to protect a comparatively innocent character.)

It was not so much that I loved George --- yet Heaven knows I did love him, with all my heart and all my soul. It was more that I pitied him. Ah, pity!! - if I could but cry it out that all might hear . . . that all those untold thousands of girls who at this very moment totter out on the brink of who-knows-what hell, as I did then, innocent as I was innocent - what floods of tears - what mountains of heartaches they might be spared! Or -- might they? Some one has said so wisely and so well that the Goblet of Life must be quaffed - aye, and to the dregs. One cannot live another's life for him - or her ... so I may be wrong ... heaven help me if I am ... I meant everything for the best ... but - on with the tale!

I repeat I pitied George; and pity is the most relentless, the most unsparing of the emotions.

See what it did to me!

"George," I burred. I was happy then - far happier than ever before, or since. I felt - I knew, that George was going to win first prize at the stock show - not George personally, I mean, but George's pig. "In your place, George, I'd nail another board on Eli's crate ..."

Eli was the pig.

George's reply was but to draw me down upon his knee and stroke my silken curls. For a moment I hid my blushes beneath the jagged brim of his wide straw hat; almost I swooned, so irresistibly moving was the magic of his touch.

Beware, girls!

I could feel the virile aura of him emanating from George like quills from a porcupine.

What a situation!

My poor dear mother, who had been called from this life the preceding autumn, had always said that George associated too much with Eli for his own good - George's good, I mean. I had laughed at my mother's fears; now I saw that she might not have been wholly mistaken. In fact she said that George had grown to look like Eli, which I never would admit, even in the virginal privacy of my own bedchamber, where I was alone with my Maker.

But at this moment I found myself beginning to fear that my mother had been right - George had been too much with Eli.

Poor dumb brute (I refer to the pig now) - how could he be expected to know right from wrong?

But George - ah, that was something else ... or was it?

"Joanna," I told myself with scriptural firmness, "Joanna, save thyself."

I knew that the righteous are not forsaken.

Like an answer from another world I heard a commotion outside the barn. It seemed to come from the direction of Eli's crate. George was expecting truckmen to call for the hog at any time, to carry him to the show in town. Releasing me from his vulpine grasp he stumbled away like a drunken man towards the noise. In the distance I heard another, sharper, crash.

Stealing from the barn, I hurried to my home nearby, and, after a restless night - a night which was disturbed by dreams of troubled vividness - I arose and hastened to board a bus for the city before George should arrive with his broken and his battered roadster.

Not that I no longer loved George. Merely, I could not rid my memory of the that bestial look in his eyes last evening; a look from which I had fled, revolted.

When I reached the show I hurried at once to the hog section. As I approached it I was aware of considerable unrest; and there was someone speaking, it seemed, in blurred tones of complaint.

Ah, there was Eli's crate - but - BUT - that was never Eli inside it.

It was George!

My poor George! How? In a flash all was clear. Eli had escaped by way of the loosened slat of his crate; and George, blind and maudlin with affection for me, had fallen through the same opening just as the truckmen arrived, and lain there stunned.

They had nailed up the opening, thinking he was Eli.

I knew that even though my mother had been right, George would never win a prize. Not in competition with all those lovely hogs on exhibition around him. Or - even if he did ... Oh, it was shameful ...

How I loved George at that moment!

And pitied him!

GHOST STORY

by

Leslie B. Wynne

At midnight by the electric lamp
When all the house was dead in slumber,
Now fevered dry, now chilly damp,
All starry-eyed, agog, and somber,
I sat to read with mad design
A murder mystery by Van Dine;

When suddenly the lamp fell dim
And, fluttering, went black before me,
To leave me in the dark with grim
And horrid ghosts that leaped to floor me,
That clutched my throat and froze my spine
With talons murdered by Van Dine.

So, ever since that fearful night,
I keep a flashlight close beside me
With candles ranged to blaze a light
In case the lamp again deride me
Just when I reach some gruesome line
Smack-dab in horrors by Van Dine.

UNION NOW

by

Jean McCullagh

"Union Now" was the subject of a talk by Mr. Lee Shippey, given at the last meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, Friday evening, April 5th.

"Mr. Streit's plan," said Mr. Shippey, "is one of the most challenging ideas now before the world. At last someone has found a plan which seems to have an amazing chance for success."

Clarence K. Streit, a soldier during the World War, remained in Europe after the war ended as a correspondent for the New York Times to cover the meetings of the League of Nations. He had previously made an extensive study of American history, and believes he understands why the League failed. It was for the same reason that the League of Friendship didn't succeed after the American Revolution. The states had been poorly organized and in constant conflict with one another. When finally they met together, they formed a plan to promote harmony and set up the Constitution of the United States. This union plan, Mr. Streit has pointed out, is the only one that has not failed.

The basis of Mr. Streit's plan is the grouping of a small number of democratic nations with a common interest, beginning as would a club. It should set up a constitution. Such a union would be so successful - so strong - that other countries would wish to join. To qualify for entrance, they would have to establish democracy first within their own borders, pledge themselves to settle their differences through a court of law, and agree that if any one of their union were to be attacked, all the other members of the union would come to its aid. This union would not be just another entangling alliance, but a union to preserve peace if attacked by an aggressor. Nothing in the plan can put the United States in danger of world conflict unless we, the people, vote for it.

This is the first logical effort to form a true working plan to establish peace in the world. It is a move toward peace instead of a move toward war.

CAMERA CLUB NEWS

by

Bernard Wynne

At the meeting of the Sierra Madre Camera Club of April 9th, with an attendance of sixteen members, the election of officers was completed with the final installation of Miss Jean Key in the combined office of Secretary-Treasurer.

At this meeting some compositional criticism of a number of prints was given by Mr. A. J. Dewey. This was followed by technical criticism by Louis Ziegler, the president. Some kodachromes were then shown and were criticized, and the rest of the meeting taken up with discussion.

The April 23rd meeting was devoted to the showing and criticizing of prints by members. The subject was landscapes. This was a showing well worth taking the trouble to see. The average of excellence was especially high, many of the individual exhibits being work of salon quality. Some very fine kodachromes by Dr. Krebs and Herbert Munson were shown after these prints had been considered. At this meeting, also, it was announced that Louis Ziegler had recently won a first prize in the Camera Craft monthly contest, for one of his prints.

The next meeting will be held on the evening of Tuesday, May 14th, at 8:00 p.m. The assignment for that evening is that members are to bring in prints from negatives made of some scene or scenes taken in Sierra Madre.

Meetings are held every second and fourth Tuesday evening of the month at the Old Adobe, at 35 East Montecito Street, Sierra Madre.

NOTICE

The Sierra Madre Arts Guild will hold a number of food sales Saturday morning, May 4th, for the benefit of the Drama section. These sales are to be held at Roberts, Roess, Brock, and the Safeway markets.

BOOK REVIEW

by

Leslie B. Wynne

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY - Richard Llewellyn -
Macmillan and Company - New York - \$2.75

Huw Morgan was born to live in a beautiful and quiet little valley in the southeast corner of Wales where his father and his father's people had lived for generations before him. Not in a thousand years had anything come to disturb the peace of that valley. Many centuries ago the Romans had come into Britain and had subdued what is England, but they had never really held the wild fastnesses of Wales. Later, the Saxons had come and for hundreds of years had fought for the land, inch by inch; but never had they held out beyond the dikes of Offa. The Irish had come, and the Danes, and had harried the sea coasts; but they gained no footing there. And then, the Normans had come and had built their castles upon the hills, but they never conquered the Welsh people. Nobody has ever conquered Wales. It was not until they had furnished a line of Tudor kings for the English throne that the Welsh at last agreed to English rule.

Nothing had ever troubled the little valley. Then, suddenly, without warning, out of foreign places came a relentless foe, a strange, impersonal force that rolled over the valley like a tidal wave, baffling all resistance, the Industrial Revolution. Deep under the valley floor were thick beds of coal, and coal is of more value to the British Empire than are beautiful valleys. Within a few years, the valley lands that had been so green were black with coal dust and the grass was dead; the blue river that ran through the valley bottom was turned a dirty brown and all the fish were gone; but worse than all else, hills of black slag from the mines began to rise and spread, and kept on rising, slowly but steadily, until they had become black mountains that were blocking the roadways and engulfing gradually, one by one, the quaint toy houses of the ancient sleepy village. Then came the labor unions, with strikes and lockouts, and friendships broken between lifelong friends. There was plenty of trouble in the little valley.

Richard Llewellyn, in his story, HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, tells of these events and of Huw Morgan who saw them come to pass. For the better part of his

life, Huw Morgan lived here vainly hoping that the old days might somehow return, for this was his home and his valley. He stayed on until all his relatives and his friends were dead or had moved away, until the moving slag of the black mountain was cutting off the sunlight and was crushing down the walls of his home. Then, he too went away, into the outer world, into a land of strangers; but there was a part of him that remained behind.

In the days of other times, how green was my valley in the land of my fathers, gallant little Wales.

This story, as it is told in the quaint English acquired by a people who were not born to speak our tongue, holds a special appeal for the reader who loves beauty, whether in art or nature, and would like to see it preserved wherever found. But more than that, it is the story of the life of a man from his childhood up. While it does not pretend to offer a solution for our industrial problems, it does present a philosophy of life. And here, among other things, it sets forth in a beautiful way and so plainly that youth may understand, the facts of life that youth should know. It is a book for the young as well as the old.

GUILD PROGRAM FOR MAY

Our deadline draws near, and still we are quite unable to announce in full the program for the evening of May 3rd. So far arranged, is a musical program by Jasha Gegna, who will arrange for and bring in a quartet with him.

We do not know what pieces they will play, nor, indeed, exactly the list of instruments they will use; but if we may judge by past experience, we may be sure that Mr. Gegna and his group will surpass our highest expectations.



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